He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Ri. A vertuous and Chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Maddam his Maieſty doth call for you:
And for your noble grace, and you my Lord.
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you goe with vs?
Ri. Maddam, we will attend your grace. *Exeunt Manet*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braule, *Glo.*
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet a broach,
I lay vnto the greuious charge of others:
Clarence, whom I indeed haue layd in darkneſſe:
I doe beweepe too many ſimple gulls:
Namely, to *Haſtings*, *Darby*, *Buckingham*,
And ſay it was the Queene, and her allies.
That ſtrires the King againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall wiſh me
To be reuenged on *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
But then ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odde ends, ſtolen out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the diuell.
But ſoft, here comes my executioners, *Enter executio-*
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued mates, *ners.*
Are yea not going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, repaire to Crosby place,
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate; doe not heare him pleade,
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eies drop milſtones, when fooles ei
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe.
Enter Clarence Brokenbury.
Bro. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily t
Cla. O I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames:
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to by a world of happy daye
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame? I long to hear
Cla. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgun
And in my company my brother *Gloceſter*,
Who from my Cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, there he lookes towards E
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of *Yorke* and *Lankaſter*,
That had befallen vs: as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that *Glocester* ſtumbled and in ſt
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him)
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine:
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was
What dreadfull noyſe of water in mine eares
What a ſight of death within mine eyes;
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrack
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vp n,
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, hea
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnualued Iewels.
Some lay in dead mens Sculs, and in thoſe h
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were cr
As if it t'were in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting g
Which wade the ſlimy bottome of the deep
And mokt the dead bones that lay ſcatred by
Brok. Had you ſuch leaſure in the time of
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had: for ſtill the enui
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foor
To keepe the empty, vaſt, and wandring ay